

afternoons a taint  
of green coins  
and smouldering villages  
blowing across marshes ...  
  
at night with my head thrown back  
flashes,  
bare feet running over scaffolds,  
vague calls  
lights moving,  
and high in the galleries  
a steady chipping, chipping ...

## Friday

Tonight it is raining  
there will be no danger of thieves;  
the stuffed trash can is safe  
  
from dogs that roam the streets  
sniffing out alleys and every crack,  
feed on my garbage  
  
and the illusion of thieves  
skipping over trellises  
plastic over tin roofs,  
  
only on paraffin wings  
angels will drift upright  
weighted through the streets  
  
immune to lightning, shedding water  
as they do evil, old pork chop bones  
corn husks sticking in their teeth  
  
and that black monk sneering  
from the heavens, his arms  
around the trees thunder  
  
cords flicking, chasing lone  
girls home from the town dance,  
licks their heels just as they push through the door ...

## Bananas

Languishing among pine  
the banana girl  
carries a moustache  
beneath each nipple.  
  
there is no film can hold her  
no sun-slicked furniture;  
like the wind she

encompasses all steeples  
as she lies,           orient moths  
                          flying from her mind  
                          making a mockery of the clock.

we know the stories,  
                          of nuts and oil,  
                          our hand-strain measured  
                          by the wrench;  
building structures  
                          with our failing bones --  
                          still the sun shines through them,  
and we  
                          cast no shadow ...

and look toward the sea  
                          where a figure,  
                          star sunk in its head,  
                          rises, waist-deep wading in ...  
stand up, master us, oh man, beast,  
                          or woman ...

#### Galleons

Outside the flowering oleanders  
                          become insidious,  
                          grow eyes

girls pass;  
    a snake climbs the wall  
                          and licks his lips at the clock

the desk slides across the room,  
                          cannons rolling in a ship

on a bald hill  
    a mongrel  
                          pitted with mange  
wags his head at a white moon.

#### Arizona Highways

World famous it can be had  
    almost anywhere, in supermarkets,  
    in drug stores piled next to True Confessions  
for sale in billiard rooms,  
    and even (I must imagine this, having  
                          never been there) on the stalls  
    beneath the greasy green lights of New York

a jocular prose telling our conditions,  
    historical anecdotes, and articles teachers